

WEIRD
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STRANGE AND UNBELIEVABLE

MAR.
1953
No. 12



JOURNEY

into

FEAR



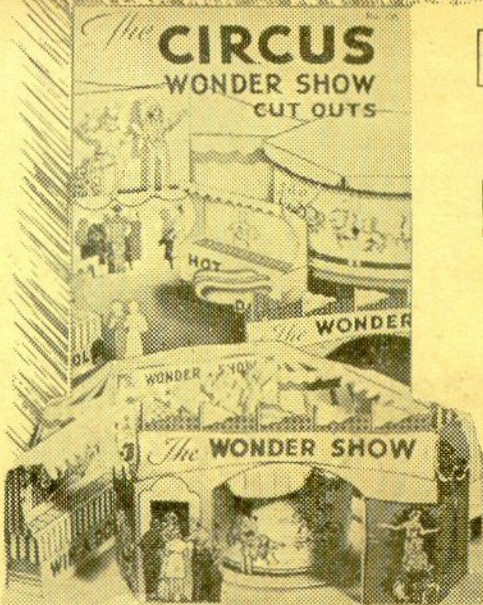
10¢



No Rest for the Dead
EVIL INTRUDER
Vampire Vengeance
—DEVIL'S ALLY

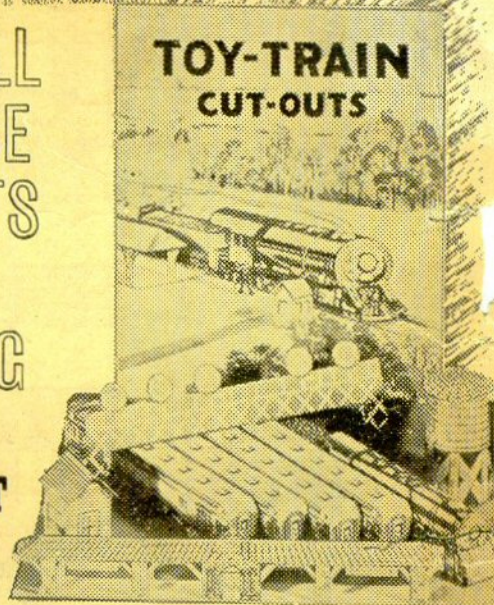


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HURRY, HURRY, HURRY! See the WILD MAN from BORNEO, the daring BICYCLE RIDERS, the FAT LADY, the JOLLY CLOWNS, the INDIANS all dressed in costume. Take a ride on the MERRY-GO-ROUND or win a doll in the SIDE SHOW. The Wonder Show is full of thrills for children who like to work with their hands and put together the attractions that form THEIR OWN little Country Fair. All in full colours. Back of Picture in outline for painting.

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JOURNEY INTO FEAR, March, 1953, No. 12. Published bi-monthly by Superior Publishers Limited, 2382 Dundas Street West, Toronto 9, Ontario, Canada. Authorized as second-class matter July 11th, 1951 by the Post Office, Buffalo, N.Y. under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Authorized as second-class matter by the Post Office Department at Ottawa, Ontario. Subscription in the U.S.A. and Canada: 10 issues for \$1.00; single copies 10 cents. All names in this period are entirely fictitious and no identification with actual persons is intended. Printed in Can

VAMPIRE VENGEANCE

PETER AND MARY MADE THE GRAVE ERROR OF SLAYING A SUPERNATURAL HORROR, THUS INVITING THE GRISLY FATE OF... VAMPIRE VENGEANCE!

PETER!
HELP
ME!

NO, MARY! OR
THOSE VAMPIRES
WILL GET ME,
TOO!



A CLASS IN ABNORMAL PSYCHOLOGY AT AN EASTERN UNIVERSITY...

FROM THE...



NO ONE KNOWS EXACTLY WHAT DRIVES A THRILL-KILLER TO COMMIT HIS HIDEOUS CRIME. BUT ONE THING IS CERTAIN. HIS DETECTION IS INEVITABLE.



PETER MILFORD AND MARY HILL EXCHANGE MEANINGFUL GLANCES...

TONIGHT?

TONIGHT!



AND THAT NIGHT, ON THE CAMPUS GROUNDS...

AREN'T YOU GOING TO KISS ME, PETER?

NAH, WE HAVEN'T GOT ANY TIME FOR MUSH.

YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOING TO KEEP US BUSY TONIGHT, KILLING A STRANGER... ANY STRANGER!

BUT YOU HEARD WHAT THE PROFESSOR SAID, PETER. HE SAID THRILL-KILLERS ALWAYS GET CAUGHT.

ARE YOU GOING TO LISTEN TO THAT DUMB CLUCK, MARY, OR ARE YOU GOING TO LISTEN TO ME?

(GASP!) — TO YOU, PETER? PLEASE... YOU'RE HURTING MY THROAT...

ALL RIGHT, THEN. ONLY DUMMIES GET CAUGHT, SEE? AND WE'RE NOT DUMMIES. IN FACT, WE'RE BRILLIANT. IT JUST SO HAPPENS WE WANT TO KILL A STRANGER. YOU DO, DON'T YOU?

OH, YES, PETER. I... I WANT TO KNOW HOW IT FEELS!

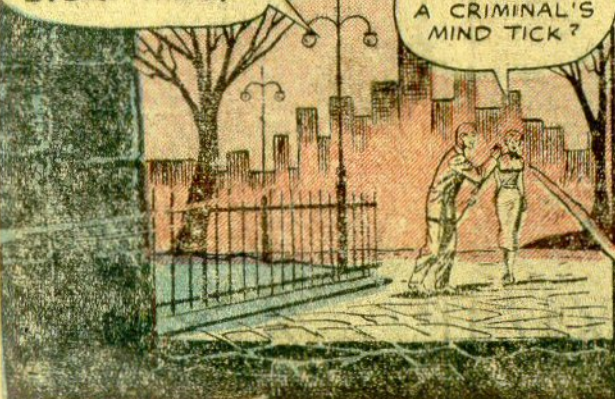
ME, TOO! I'VE NEVER KILLED SOMEONE BEFORE. I WANT TO **KNOW** THE SENSATIONS OF A DELIBERATE KILLER... HIS SADISTIC JOY, HIS FRANTIC TERRORS. **EVERYTHING!**

OTHERWISE HOW CAN WE EVER HOPE TO **REALLY** UNDERSTAND WHAT MAKES A CRIMINAL'S MIND TICK?

AND THIS WILL BE OUR MURDER-WEAPON, MARY! A SILVER-TIPPED SWORD I STOLE FROM A MUSEUM. DOESN'T IT MAKE YOU FEEL KIND OF... **WICKED?**

AWFUL WICKED! GLORIOUSLY WICKED! COME DOWN TO THE FOG-SHROUDED WHARF WITH ME, PETER! WE'VE GOT TO FIND US AN INNOCENT VICTIM!

AN INNOCENT VICTIM!



AND SO THEY SLUNK DOWN TO THE WATERFRONT... THESE TWO DANGEROUS ABNORMALS, 'INFLAMED WITH AN UNHOLY BLOOD-LUST'...

THERE'S SOMEBODY...

WATCH THIS!

AT LAST I'VE REALIZED MY LIFE-LONG AMBITION!

YOU DID IT, PETER! KILLED A STRANGER! HOW — HOW DO YOU **FEEL?**

I FEEL KIND OF STRANGE AND THRILLING-LIKE AND SICKENING, ALL AT THE SAME TIME. I'LL ANALYZE THE SENSATIONS LATER

WHAT ARE YOU UP TO NOW?

I'M TURNING THE BODY OVER. I WANT TO SEE THE FACE OF THE FIRST MAN I'VE EVER KILLED.

MARY! WE'VE KILLED A VAMPIRE!!

EEE—EEE! WHAT KIND OF HORRIBLE MONSTROSITY IS THAT?

EEEEII—EE!

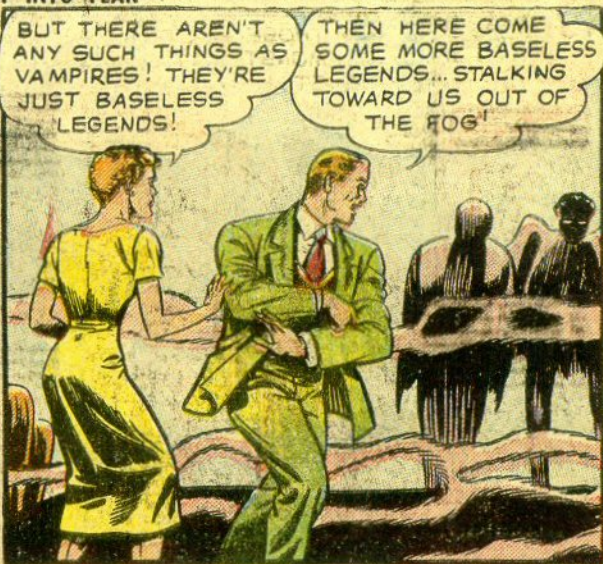
A V-VAMPIRE?

DON'T YOU UNDER-
STAND? THIS
SWORD IS
**SILVER-
TIPPED!**
ONLY **SILVER**,
PIERCING ITS
HEART, CAN
SLAY A
VAMPIRE!!
AND THAT'S
JUST WHAT
WE'VE DONE!



BUT THERE AREN'T
ANY SUCH THINGS AS
VAMPIRES! THEY'RE
JUST BASELESS
LEGENDS!

THEN HERE COME
SOME MORE BASELESS
LEGENDS... STALKING
TOWARD US OUT OF
THE FOG!



THEY
KILLED
ONE OF
US!

REMEMBER THE
VAMPIRE CODE
OF VENGEANCE!!



VENGEANCE!!

THE CODE
DEMANDS
VENGEANCE!!



RUN,
MARY,
RUN!

THEY'RE OVERTAKING US!
WE'LL NEVER GET AWAY!

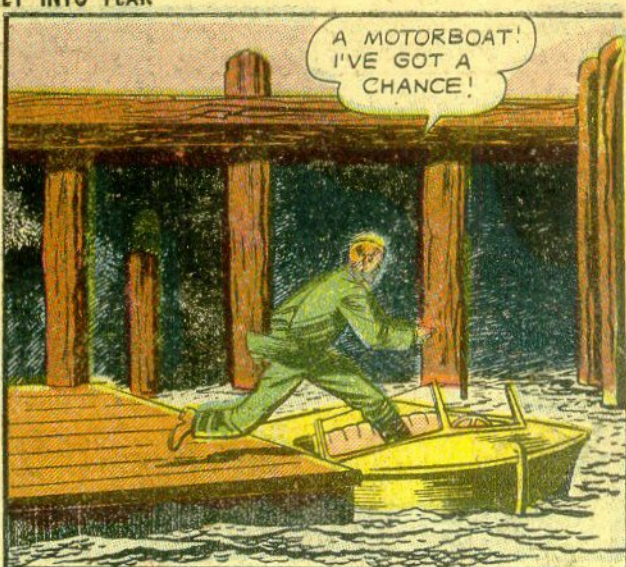


AND THEN PETER TAKES THE COWARD'S WAY
OUT. HE DELIBERATELY **TRIPS** MARY SO THAT
SHE STUMBLES INTO THE CLAWS OF THEIR
FIENDISH PURSUERS...

PETER! PETER!
COME BACK AND
SAVE ME!

IT'S EITHER YOUR
LIFE OR MINE, MARY!
AND I'M SAVING
MY SKIN!





INTO BED CRAWLS A SHIVERING,
TERRIBLY AGITATED HUMAN...

BR-RRR! WHAT A GHASTLY
MESS... POOR MARY... BUT IT
WAS EITHER HER OR ME...



I WANTED A THRILL-MURDER...
AND I GOT MORE THAN I
BARGAINED FOR. JEEPERS! I
NEVER THOUGHT I'D KILL A
VAMPIRE...

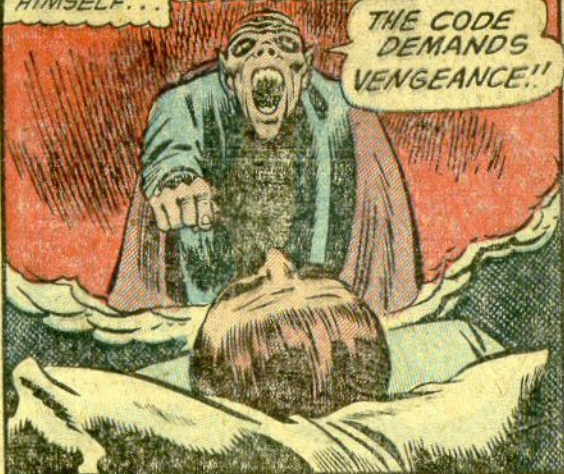


GOT TO RELAX...LET MYSELF
GO... WHAT A WONDERFUL
OPPORTUNITY TO STUDY
AND ANALYZE MY OWN
EMOTIONS.



BUT HORRIFYING MEMORIES CROWD OUT
PETER'S ATTEMPTS TO COLDLY ANALYZE
HIMSELF...

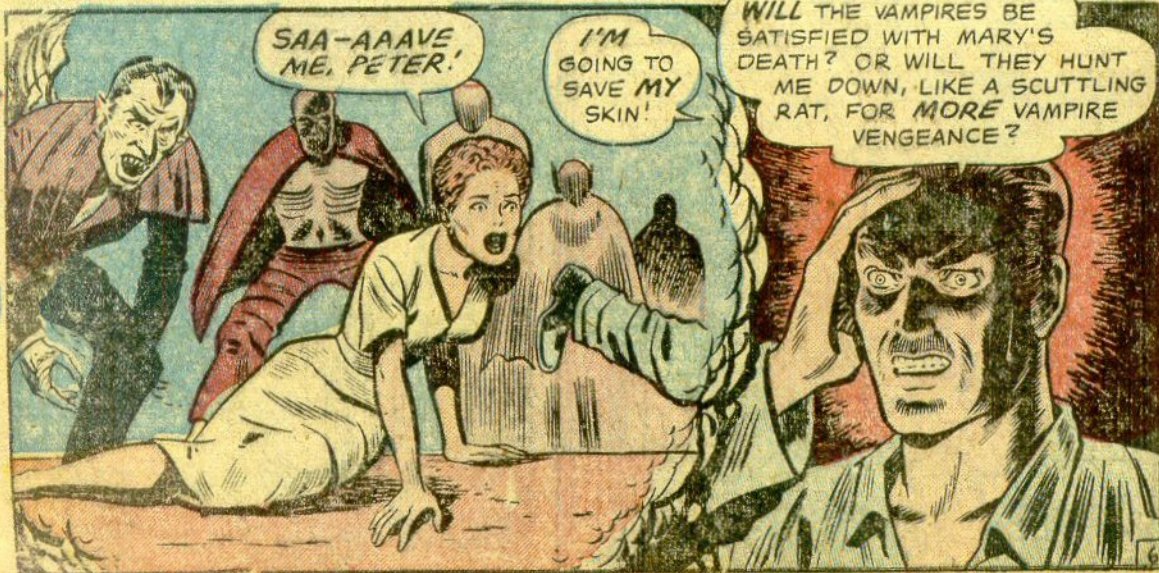
THE CODE
DEMANDS
VENGEANCE!!



SAA-AAAVE
ME, PETER!

I'M
GOING TO
SAVE MY
SKIN!

WILL THE VAMPIRES BE
SATISFIED WITH MARY'S
DEATH? OR WILL THEY HUNT
ME DOWN, LIKE A SCUTTLING
RAT, FOR MORE VAMPIRE
VENGEANCE?



SUDDENLY THERE IS A FATEFUL NOISE AT THE DOOR...

THE K-KEY... TURNING IN THE DOOR!

...PARALYZED WITH FEAR, PETER KNOWS ESCAPE IS NOW IMPOSSIBLE...

IT'S... OPENING!!

M-MARY! IT'S Y-YOU! AND YOU'RE A VAMPIRE NOW, T-TOO!

YES... HONEY...! IT WASN'T NICE OF YOU TO TURN ME OVER TO THOSE VAMPIRES, WAS IT, DEAR?

I-I CAN'T BEAR TO LOOK...

DON'T BE FRIGHTENED! SOON YOU'LL BE A VAMPIRE LIKE ME, TOO! BUT THINK OF ALL THE FUN WE'LL HAVE TOGETHER, PREYING ON OTHERS! BUT FIRST... I'VE GOT TO...

NO! NO!!

...BITE YOUR THROAT!!

THE END

The Devil's Ally



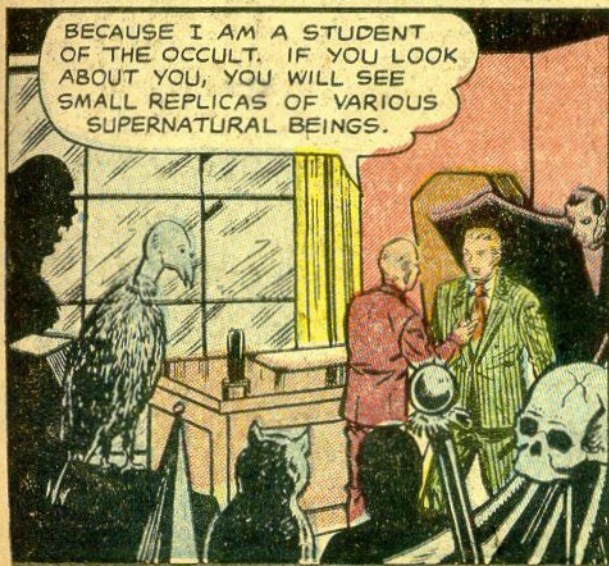
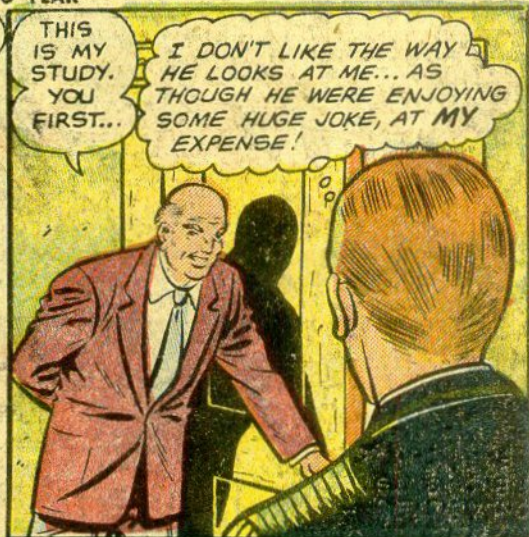
THE AD SAID, "ELDERLY MAN INCURABLY ILL... WANTS TO HIRE MALE COMPANION... SOUNDS LIKE A SOFT BERTH... AND JUDGING FROM THE LOOKS OF THIS MANSION... HE'S LOADED!"

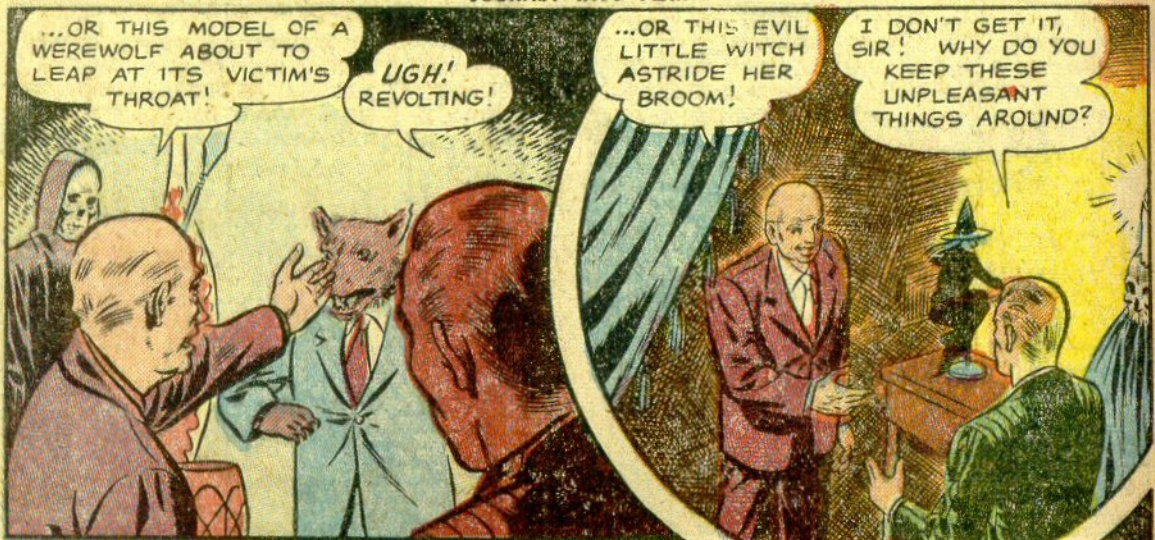


YES... I AM, AS YOU WOULD PUT IT, LOADED! STEP IN, MR. KENTON!

HOW DID HE KNOW WHAT I WAS THINKING? AND I HAVEN'T EVEN MENTIONED MY NAME... YET HE KNOWS IT, AND WHY I'M HERE!







...OR THIS MODEL OF A WEREWOLF ABOUT TO LEAP AT ITS VICTIM'S THROAT!

UGH! REVOLTING!

...OR THIS EVIL LITTLE WITCH ASTRIDE HER BROOM!

I DON'T GET IT, SIR! WHY DO YOU KEEP THESE UNPLEASANT THINGS AROUND?



WHY? — BECAUSE I'M THE DEVIL'S ALLY, THAT'S WHY! HE, AND THE REST OF THESE LITTLE MONSTERS ARE MY FRIENDS! YOU UNDERSTAND, FRIEND?



YEAH. I UNDERSTAND! HE'S CRAZY AS A BUG! I'M GETTING OUT OF THIS NUT-HOUSE!

THERE'S SOMEONE ELSE I WANT YOU TO MEET, MR. KENTON. MY GREATEST PRIZE!

LOOK, MR. THOMPSON, I'VE THOUGHT IT ALL OVER, AND..



MY WIFE, JET... JET, THIS YOUNG MAN, DAN KENTON, IS GOING TO WORK FOR ME!

HOW DO YOU DO, MRS. THOMPSON!



THERE IS A SAYING: "VULTURES OF A FEATHER FLOCK TOGETHER." THE SECOND JET AND DAN LAID EYES ON EACH OTHER, THEY KNEW THEY WERE TWO-OF-A-KIND.

I HOPE YOU ENJOY WORKING AND LIVING HERE, MR. KENTON!

I WILL!

FRANKLY, I'M SO WRAPPED UP IN MY STUDIES OF THE SUPERNATURAL, THAT I'M AFRAID MY WIFE IS SOMEWHAT BORED. ONE OF YOUR DUTIES, MR. KENTON, IN ADDITION TO WAITING ON ME, WILL BE TO DIVERT HER MIND. I IMAGINE SHE'D LOVE SOMEONE TO TALK TO.



(CACKLE!) — YOU TWO MAY FIND YOU HAVE A LOT IN COMMON. NOW LEAVE ME ALONE, BOTH OF YOU. I'M AN ILL MAN... HAVEN'T MUCH LONGER TO LIVE... AND I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO MY WITCHCRAFT LORE!



ONE SECOND AFTER THE STUDY DOOR CLOSED...

I'M NOT THE TYPE WHO BELIEVES IN PRELIMINARIES... JET!

I KNEW THAT THE INSTANT I SAW YOU, DAN...



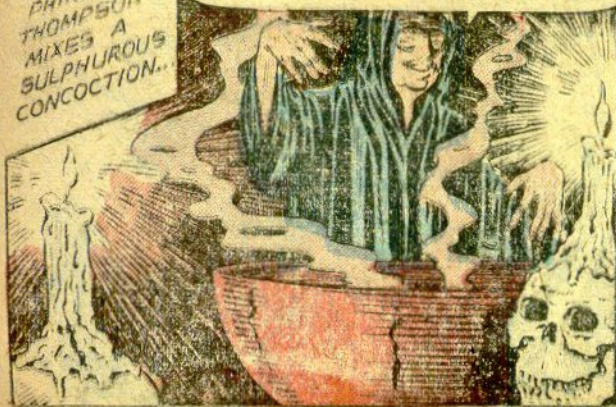
I HOPE YOU'LL ENJOY YOUR NEW JOB...

I'M GOING TO LOVE EVERY MINUTE OF IT!



INSIDE THE STUDY... AS FOXY-EYED PHINEAS THOMPSON MIXES A SULPHUROUS CONCOCTION...

HEH-HEH... SO SOON, YOUR SATANIC, MYSTICAL MAJESTY? — WELL, YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY... "WHEN THE RAT'S AWAY, THE MICE WILL PLAY..." HEH-HEH-HEH-HEE... EEE...



LATER...

I'VE DISCOVERED HE IS A MAN OF MANY TALENTS.

I TRUST THE TWO OF YOU HAVE BECOME WELL-ACQUAINTED?

I KNOW I'M GOING TO LIKE IT HERE, SIR.



IT ISN'T MANY MORE DAYS BEFORE AN INEVITABLE SUBJECT RAISES ITS GREEN HEAD...

THERE'S A FIRE IN YOU, JET, THAT DOES CRAZY THINGS TO MY HEART. I—I WANT TO TAKE YOU AWAY WITH ME, AWAY FROM THAT SINISTER OLD MAN...

AWAY FROM ALL HIS WONDERFUL MONEY? DON'T BE NAIVE, HONEY!

I MARRIED THAT LUNATIC FOR HIS MONEY... NEVER DREAMING HE'D TURN OUT TO BE SUCH A PENNY-PINCHING SKINFLINT. I'M STAYING RIGHT HERE TILL HE DIES. THEN, **JET** COLLECTS!

ALL HIS TALK OF DYING SOON IS SO MUCH POPPY-COCK, JET! YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT **YEARS** FOR HIM TO DIE!

NEED I WAIT?

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, JET?

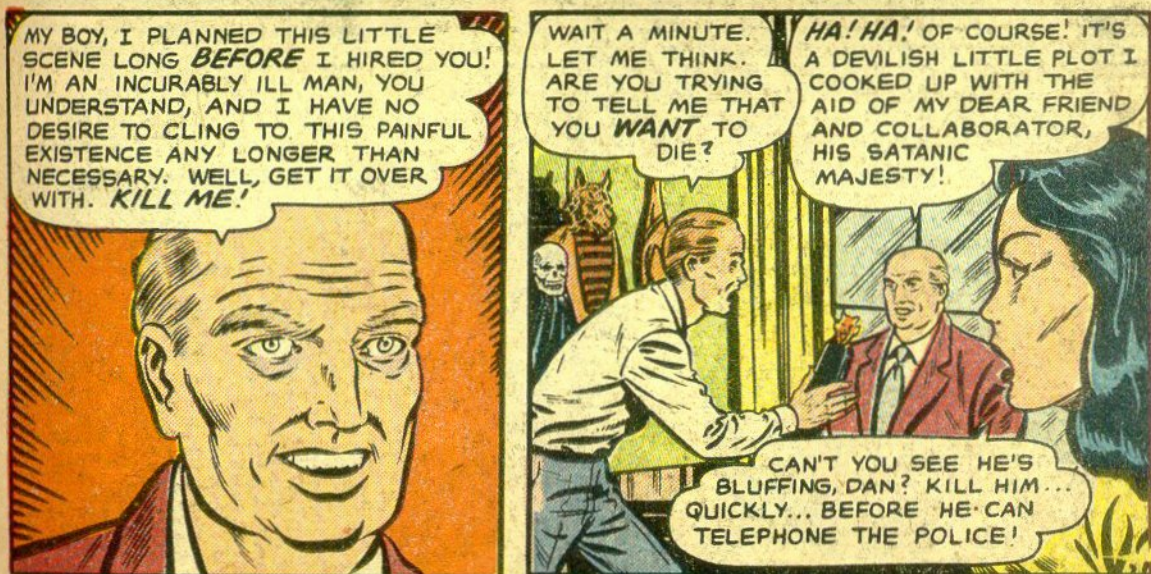
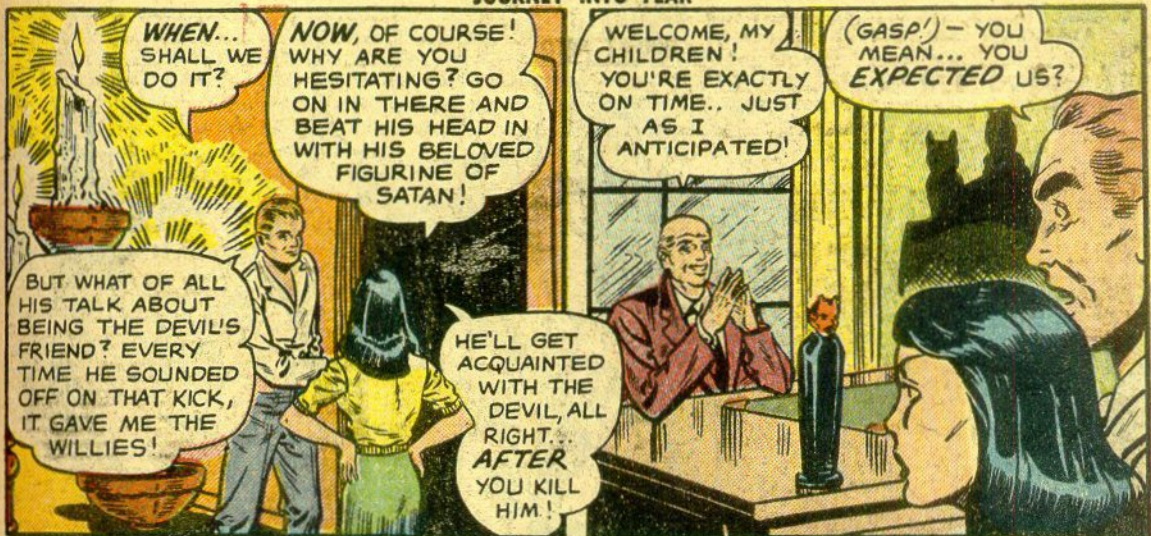
YOU'VE GOT TWO GOOD STRONG ARMS. WHY NOT USE THEM?

YOU MEAN **KILL** HIM?

WHY NOT? IT'LL BE EASY ENOUGH TO CLAIM HE WAS MURDERED BY A BURGLAR. AND THINK WHAT YOU AND I WILL BE ABLE TO DO WITH ALL THAT BEAUTIFUL MONEY!

MURDER! — I HADN'T PLANNED TO...

DON'T GIVE ME THAT! YOU THOUGHT OF MURDERING MY PRECIOUS HUSBAND THE SECOND YOU SAW ME THERE IN THE DOORWAY OF HIS STUDY! **ADMIT IT!**





THAT'S RIGHT! HIT HIM! HIT HIM AGAIN... **HARD!!!** SMASH HIS SKULL, DAN! DO IT FOR ME, LOVER... **FOR ME!!!**



HE'S... HE'S DEAD, JET. I... KILLED HIM! I DID IT FOR US, JET!

THE FOOL! IMAGINE THAT DYING IMBECILE CROAKING THAT HIS MONEY WOULD NEVER BE OURS!



SUDDENLY, THE FIGURINE OF SATAN WRIGGLES LIKE A THING ALIVE, TWISTS AROUND AND BURIES ITS FANGS INTO DAN KENTON'S HAND!!!

AARGH! IT... IT'S BITING ME!!



IT BIT ME, JET! IT BIT ME! THE FIGURINE OF SATAN BIT ME!!

THE STATUETTES! THEY'RE ALL BEGINNING TO MOVE! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

BOLTING OUT OF THE DEN IN TERROR WITH JET, DAN FRANTICALLY LOCKS THE DOOR...



RUN JET - RUN!

HEH-HEH-HEH! I'LL SCRATCH YOUR EYES OUT, VIXEN!

AAAAA-

YOUR HUSBAND WASN'T LYING! HE IS IN LEAGUE WITH THE DEVIL!

AT THE WINDOW ... A GIANT BAT!

JOURNEY INTO FEAR



GHOST CLINIC

by Doctor Shade



SATAN'S PLAYHOUSE

"**W**HAT good luck!" murmured Stewart Grant as he strode hurriedly along the street. He kept scrutinizing the numbers of the buildings he passed, trying to find the one that matched the address on the theatre ticket he held.

He sought Satan's Playhouse and was having difficulty in locating it. Unfamiliarity with New York City streets had brought him farther east than he should have been at that rather late hour.

Grant could not get over his stroke of good fortune. Earlier that day he had given up hope of seeing a New York show. His week's vacation was about over — he was to leave for home the next day — and he had not yet been to the theatre. This had been one of his objectives when he set out from Harperville on his holiday, but it could not be realized due to lack of funds. There remained in his possession just about enough money to settle the hotel bill, buy a couple of modest meals and pay for his return trip home. He couldn't afford anything more.

But a kindly nod from Lady Luck almost at the final instant resolved the matter in his favor.

Upon returning to the hotel, he was brought up short when the desk clerk called out: "Oh, Mr. Grant, there's a message here for you." And an envelope bearing his name was handed to him.

This mystified him. He was momentarily stunned, for none of his friends knew of his whereabouts.

Going to New York had been a last-minute decision. In slipping off from Harperville, Grant had not told a soul of his destination. And since his arrival, he had not written to anybody. Surely, then, this letter was not from home.

Grant tore open the envelope. In it he found a theatre ticket and a brief note: Compliments of A Friend

Puzzled, he did not stay so for long. The thought suddenly struck him that this was probably a promotion stunt by the hotel management. They knew his stay would end

the next day. Thus, in the interest of good will, they had presented the ticket, disguising it in this manner so as to add an element of surprise and mystery to the nice gesture.

It was evening and the shadows of night were falling rapidly by the time Stewart Grant left the hotel. He examined the ticket and observed that it was for "Fate's Pawn," being presented at Satan's Playhouse.

"What a weird combination," he commented to himself.

Reaching the street called for by the theatre ticket, he began searching for the required address. The gathering dusk obscured the markings on some of the buildings and he had to halt his brisk pace now and then to take a closer look at the numbers.

GRANT finally located the theatre. It was far different than what he had expected. The place was not in the theatrical district, but farther west and near the river front. It stood on a rather deserted block, which lacked the usual entertainment area hustle and bustle, and was surrounded by houses in dilapidated condition.

Grant would never have known that the building before him was Satan's Playhouse, if not for the fact that its number corresponded with that on his ticket. There was no name-sign hanging out front.

Grant noticed an open door. He peered in and observed that the inside entrance and lobby indeed resembled that of a theatre. He entered and was immediately gripped by a feeling of oppression that made him shudder.

Standing in the portals of the theatre proper was a man of gaunt appearance, rather strangely dressed, who took Grant's ticket and ushered him down the aisle.

It was dark, pitch dark, and Grant could scarcely make out where he was going as he followed warily.

As they reached the row given on the ticket, the stage lit up faintly, making visibility a bit better. It seemed to Grant that the start of the performance had been timed

so as to coincide with his arrival, for the curtain went up at the precise moment that he found his seat and sat down.

It took another moment or two before Grant could get accustomed to his surroundings. But when he did, he experienced a sensation of trepidation and horror. For what he saw made his hair stand on end. He thought he felt a trickle of ice water running down his back. His eyes began to bulge, he found himself unable to breathe. His lungs filled up and he imagined they were about to burst.

In front of him, behind the footlights, he saw an array of the most eerie creatures that had ever confronted him.

GRANT just could not believe his eyes. The players were in the form of ghosts and ghouls, vampires and other objects out of this world. They were engaged in a weird dance, every movement of which heightened his fright until he found that he could stand it no more.

Grant was seized with an overwhelming urge to scream out, but he was unable to find his voice. He was petrified with fear, but could not stir a muscle.

He wanted to get away from this terrible place — as far away as possible — but found himself glued to the seat, as if lifeless.

He struggled and managed to turn his head. One glance was enough. His neighbors, to the left and right, before and behind him, were all shrouded, ghastly figures!

With an Herculean effort, Grant finally raised himself from the seat. There was strength in his limbs again. He turned and ran — and continued running, out of the hideous theatre and into the open air. And he didn't check his rapid pace until he was breathless and panting.

Reaching the corner, he looked back, half afraid that he was being followed.

He stood there until his taut nerves were calm and the feeling of terror had abated. Then he noticed a police officer approaching.

Walking over, he asked:

"Officer, can you tell me something about that building up the street?" and he pointed to the place from which he had departed in such haste.

"Sure," came the reply. "That's the old Satan's Playhouse. Not used for shows or anything any more. It has been empty since 1886, when a couple of actors were killed on stage in a play called 'Fate's Pawn.'"

The officer started to turn away, but then he paused. He grinned and added: "Some people say the place is haunted."

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 OF JOURNEY INTO FEAR, published bi-monthly at Toronto, Ontario, Canada, for September 18, 1952. Province of Ontario) County of York)

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the Province and county aforesaid, personally appeared Bertram J. Krieger who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of JOURNEY INTO FEAR and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, and of a daily, weekly, semi-weekly or tri-weekly newspaper, the circulation etc. of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the acts of March 3, 1933, and July 2, 1946 (section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations) printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1 That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, and business manager are:

Publisher, William Zimmerman, 71 Whitmore Avenue, Toronto, Ontario
Editor, Harry L. Cohen, 443 Rockaway Parkway, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Business Manager, Bertram J. Krieger, 589 St. Clements Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.

2 That the owner is (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company or other unincorporated concern, its name and address as well as those of each individual member must be given.)

Superior Publishers Limited, 2382 Dundas Street West, Toronto, Ontario, Maurice Berg, 20 Hillmount Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, Bertram J. Krieger, 589 St. Clements Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, Irving Oelbaum, 4 Strathearn Boulevard, Toronto, Ontario, Samuel Orenstein, 20 Peverell Hill South, Toronto, Ontario, Nathan Perlmuter, 30 Strathearn Road, Toronto, Ontario, William Zimmerman, 71 Whitmore Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.

3 That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are None.

4 That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and

security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given, also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5 That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is

(This information is required from daily, weekly, semi-weekly and tri-weekly newspapers only.)

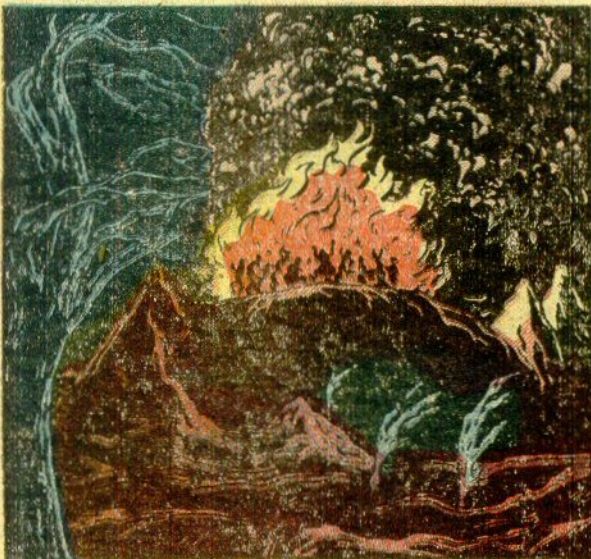
BERTRAM J. KRIEGER, Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 22nd day of September, 1952.

(SEAL) DAVID PETERS
(My commission for Life)

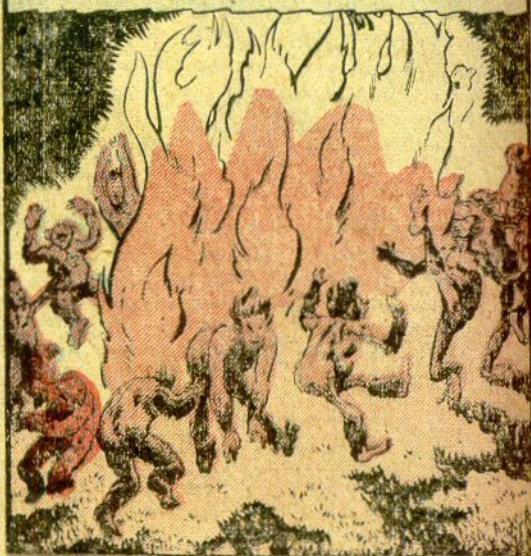
EVIL INTRUDER

"IT" WANTED TO BE
KISSED! "IT" WANTED TO
BE LOVED! ONLY... "IT" WAS
A DROOLING, SLOBBERING,
UNTHINKABLE...
MONSTER!!!



THIS IS ANCIENT, FEARED, KULGAK MOUNTAIN...
WHERE, SINCE THE BEGINNING OF TIME, NO
MORTAL DARES TREAD AFTER NIGHTFALL...

FOR KULGAK IS THE MEETING-PLACE
OF THE TRUGGS, HORRIBLY UNSPEAK-
ABLE OFFSPRING OF MONSTER-GODS...

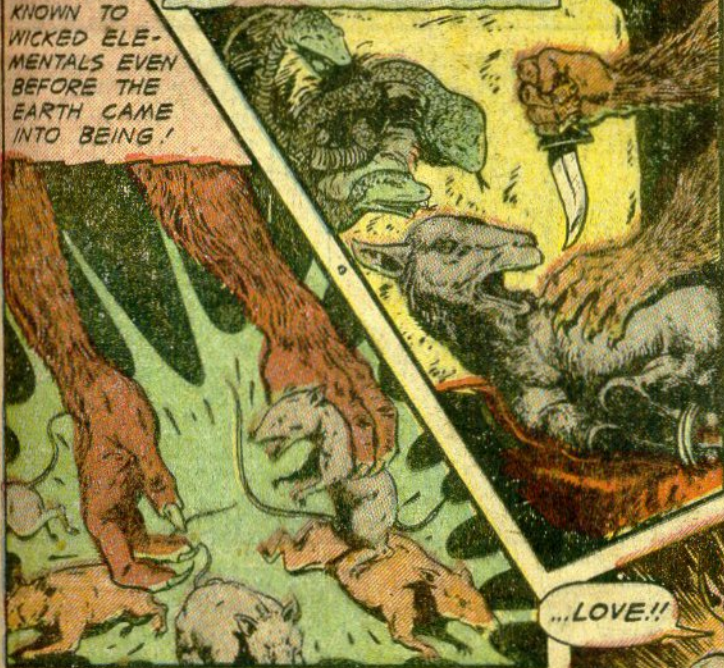


AND EVERY NIGHT, AS DARKNESS DESCENDS, THE FIENDISH TRUGGS BEGIN THEIR GHASTLY, BLASPHEMOUS RITES...



ECSTATIC SHUDDERS ESCAPE THE NAMELESS ONES AS THE BLADE OF SODORM STRIKES AGAIN AND AGAIN...

...RITES THAT WERE KNOWN TO WICKED ELEMENTALS EVEN BEFORE THE EARTH CAME INTO BEING!



AMIDST ALL THIS OCCULT MADNESS, OBLIVIOUS TO THE CACKLING AND GROWLING AND SCREAMING, SQUATS..."IT"!!!



...LOVE!!

DEEP IN THE BESTIAL MORASS OF "IT"'S HELLISH INTELLECT, SURGES AN UNAC-CUSTOMED, DISSATISFIED YEARNING...

(SLURBP)... I...WANT...



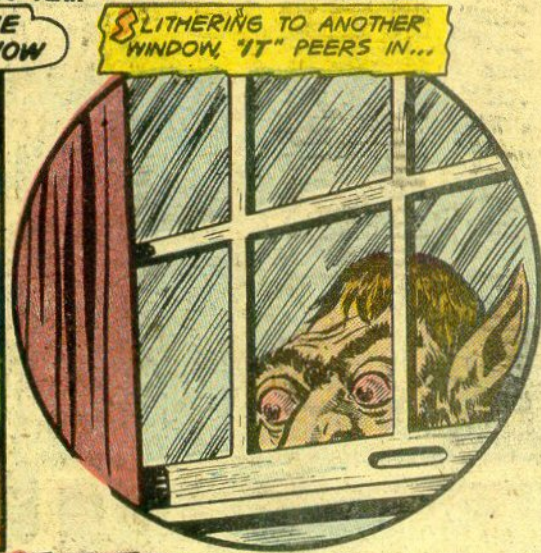
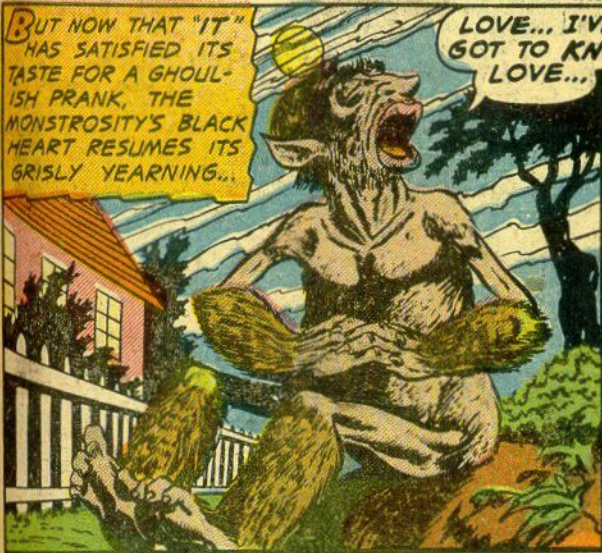


JOURNEY INTO FEAR

BUT NOW THAT "IT" HAS SATISFIED ITS TASTE FOR A GHOULISH PRANK, THE MONSTROSITY'S BLACK HEART RESUMES ITS GRISLY YEARNING...

LOVE... I'VE GOT TO KNOW LOVE...

SLITHERING TO ANOTHER WINDOW, "IT" PEERS IN...



...THEN SCREAMS AS THOUGH MORTALLY WOUNDED...

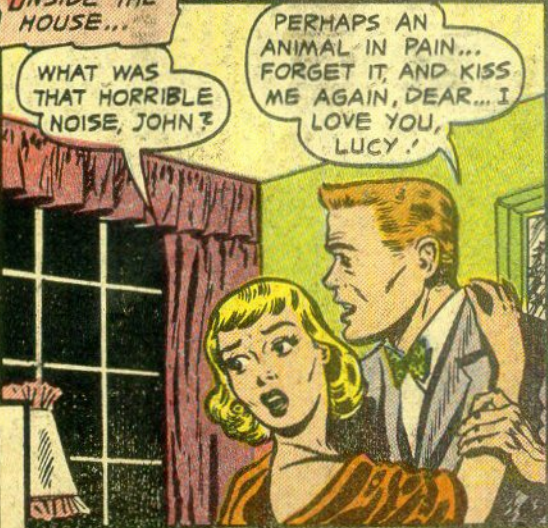
YAAAGOGZPF!



INSIDE THE HOUSE...

WHAT WAS THAT HORRIBLE NOISE, JOHN?

PERHAPS AN ANIMAL IN PAIN... FORGET IT, AND KISS ME AGAIN, DEAR... I LOVE YOU, LUCY!



LITTLE DOES THAT WRETCHED FOOL KNOW HE'S KISSING HER GOODBYE... FOREVER!

GOODBYE, DARLING!



PLEASE HURRY BACK, JOHN. I WISH YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO LEAVE AT SUCH AN HOUR... SOMEHOW I FEEL NERVOUS!

THAT'S WHAT YOU GET FOR MARRYING A DOCTOR. DON'T WORRY, DEAR! I'LL BE RIGHT BACK!

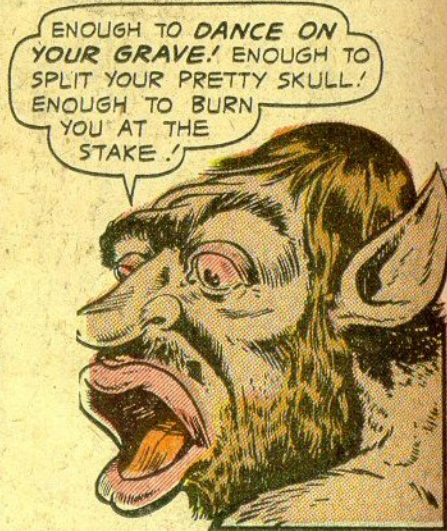


JOURNEY INTO FEAR



JOURNEY INTO FEAR







SO YOU
KNOW MY
SECRET!

WH-WHAT
HAVE YOU DONE
TO JOHN?

I KILLED YOUR PRECIOUS JOHN!
RIPPED HIS WHITE THROAT WITH THESE
SLIMY TALONS! BUT WHAT OF IT? WHY
WORRY ABOUT HIS TWISTED
CORPSE WHEN YOU'VE
GOT ME TO
LOVE!



LOVE...YOU? LOVE AN
UNSPEAKABLE NIGHTMARE?...
NO ONE...NOTHING...COULD EVER
(UGH!) LOVE
YOU!!!



YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE INSULTED
ME, LUCY. I HAVE FEELINGS, LUCY.
EVEN A MONSTER CAN
BE SENSITIVE
TO SCORN, LUCY!



AND SO I'M GOING
TO MURDER YOU, LUCY.
MY LOVE...JUST LIKE
I KILLED JOHN. JUST
LIKE...WH-WHAT
WAS THAT?



IT'S THE TRUGGS!
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
GET AWAY FROM
ME, TRUGGS!



No REST for the DEAD

PEOPLE ARE DEATHLY AFRAID OF GHOSTS, IT'S SAID. BUT READ NOW THE SHOCKING TALE OF THE MAN WHO REVERSED THIS EERIE SITUATION... THE MAN WHO TORTURED GHOSTS!

AND NOW FOR "THE BOOK"!

NOT "THE BOOK"!

P- PLEASE, N-NOT "THE BOOK"!!



WOLF CEMETERY... OF A MIDNIGHT... WHERE RESTLESS SOULS SEEK A FEW HOURS RESpite FROM THE MOULDERING GRAVE...

MOAN

WAA-AAOOO... WHERE IS MY BABY?

EEEEAAA... I DIED... TOO YOUNG...

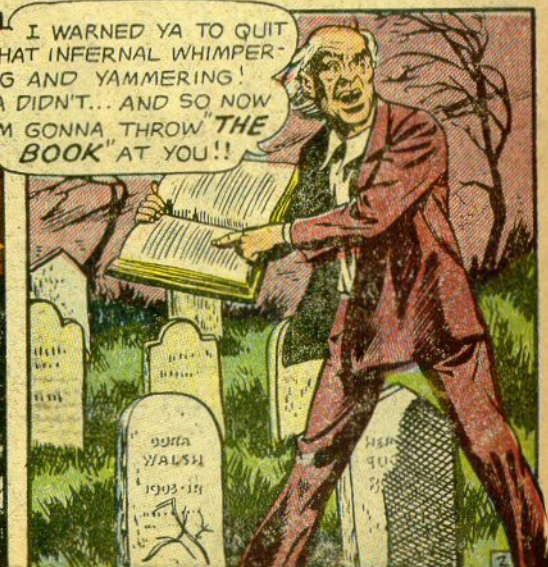
URRR-RRROWWW...



IN HIS DREARY, DILAPIDATED SHANTY, OLD JAKE CRONER, THE CEMETERY'S CARE-TAKER, VAINLY SEEKS TO SNATCH SOME SLEEP...

MOAN-NNN!

THEY'RE AT IT AGAIN, BLAST 'EM!



GACKLING, CRONER LEAPS THROUGH HIS BOOK ON ANCIENT WITCHCRAFT...

ZARPF! SEND YOUR FIENDS FROM BEYOND THE UNHOLY VEIL OF DARKNESS TO TORTURE THEM! ZGYGYG! FNFYTK! PKTZYP!!!



AND AS THE BLASPHEMOUS CURSE CORRUPTS THE NIGHT, EVIL MONSTERS CRAWL OUT OF THE EARTH AND TEAR AND CLAW AT THE PANICKY GHOSTS!

HEE-HEE! RIP 'EM! TEAR 'EM!

ALICE
PEARCE
1900 1941

REST IN PEACE



MERCY! MERCY!

CALL OFF THE FIENDS, CRONER!!

SAVE US, CRONER!!!



BACK! RETURN TO ZARPF! PZYTCK! KTYGFNF! GYGYZ!!!



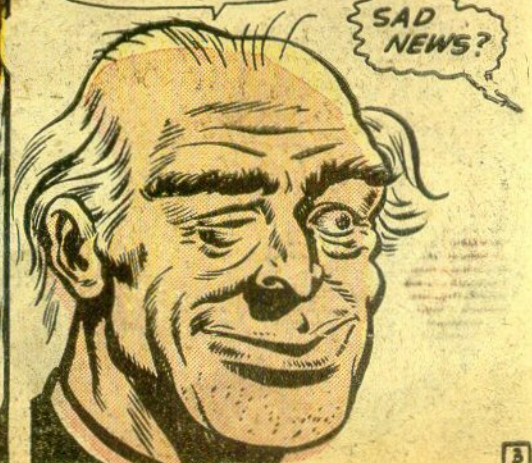
THANK YOU FOR YOUR MERCY, CRONER!

MERCY? HA! I'VE BARELY BEGUN TO TORTURE THE GHOSTS!—



LISTEN. I'VE GOT SAD NEWS FOR YOU FROM... THE OUTSIDE WORLD!

SAD NEWS?



YOU — SWANSON! YOU KILLED YOURSELF
SO YOUR WIFE WOULD GET THE INSURANCE
MONEY! WELL ... HA-HA! ... I'VE GOT A
SURPRISE FOR YOU!

TELL
ME!

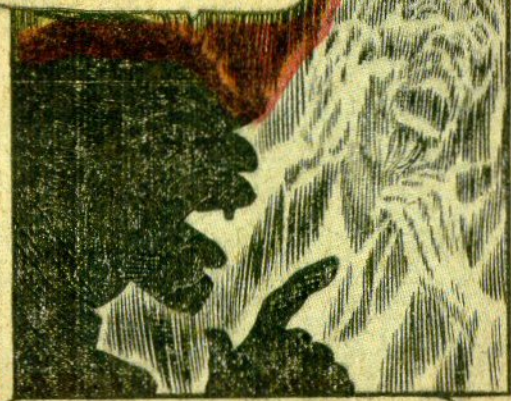
SHE'S BEEN CHEATED OUT OF THE
MONEY BY A CONFIDENCE MAN! YOUR
WIFE IS *STILL* PENNILESS! AND
WITHOUT YOU ALIVE TO LOOK AFTER
HER, SHE'LL GO TO THE POORHOUSE!



YOU — KENNEDY! I LEARNED
FROM A LITTLE VULTURE THAT
YOUR WIFE HAS REMARRIED...
YOUR BROTHER! IN FACT,
SO THIS VULTURE SAID, YOUR
BROTHER *POISONED* YOU
SO HE COULD GET HER!

MOAN!

MOAN! OH... NO!
MARY! MARY!



YOU — DESKIN!
YOUR...

NO! DON'T TELL ME!
*I — I DON'T WANT
TO HEAR...!*

YOUR SON HAS STOLEN HIS WIFE'S
SAVINGS AND RAN AWAY WITH HER
SISTER!

AAA—AAAOWWW!





HAA-HA-
HA-HA-
HA-HA!!

WHY DO YOU
LAUGH AT
OUR MISERY,
CRONER?



LIES?

I LAUGH ... BECAUSE ALL THESE
CRUEL THINGS I'VE BEEN TELLING
YOU FOR MONTHS HAVE BEEN
LIES!

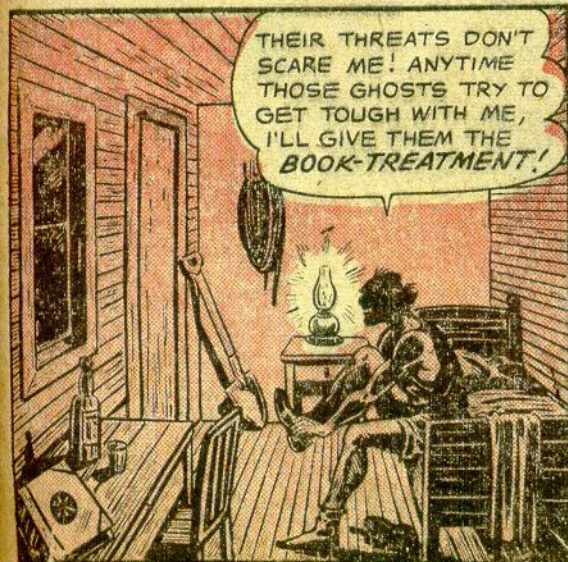
WHY DID YOU
DO IT,
CRONER?

WHY? I'LL TELL YOU WHY! BECAUSE
YOU RUIN MY SLEEP WITH YOUR
NOISY CARRYINGS-ON! BECAUSE I
CAN'T GET A BETTER JOB THAN
LIVING IN THIS FILTHY OLD
CEMETERY CARING FOR YOUR
MOULDERING BONES...



AND MAYBE I DID IT JUST
BECAUSE I *ENJOY* TORTURING
YOU! AND YOU'VE *REALLY*
GOT SOMETHING TO MOAN
ABOUT! HA! HA!

YOU'LL
BE SORRY
CRONER!!!



THEIR THREATS DON'T
SCARE ME! ANYTIME
THOSE GHOSTS TRY TO
GET TOUGH WITH ME,
I'LL GIVE THEM THE
BOOK-TREATMENT!

BUT...
THE NEXT
NIGHT...



IT'S QUIET! *TOO QUIET!*
THIS IS THE FIRST TIME IN
YEARS THEY'RE NOT
MOANING! HOW COME? I'D
BETTER INVESTIGATE!



DROPPING HIS BOOK ON WITCHCRAFT, CRONER SEEKS TO FLEE, IN TERROR. BUT HE TRIPS ON THE BOOK, AND...

